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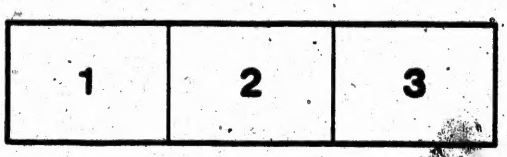

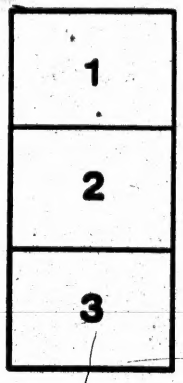

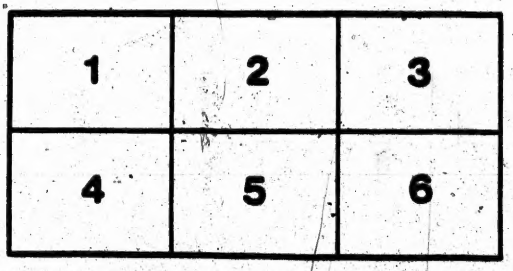

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RECITATIONS FOR GOOD TEMPLARS

BY

THOMAS BLACK LAWS,

OF WARWICK, ONTARIO,

Author of "The Land we Live in," etc.

DRUNKEN TRAIN CREW.

They had seen all the sights of Chicago's great fair,
And were now rushing home to their work and their care,
When we hear a wild shriek—how it filleth the air—
'Tis the shriek of their death;
For the brakesman, conductor and engineer there,
They had all drunken breath.

I admit there were some who were coming to town,
And were thinking of honour, of fame and renown,
When we see the foul fiend, how he soon strikes them down
With a horrible smash,
As the drunk engineers on each other rush down
In a terrible crash.

Now, we all shall remember Chicago's great fair,
For the dead, and the dying, and wounded were there;
And the world, it pass'd on, and seem'd never to care;
And our men did not think
That the death of our noble, our lovely and fair
We must give for our drink.

Oh, ye mothers! who feed your sweet babies on gin,
Oh, ye fathers! who lives of our drunkards begin,
Will you not pause and think of the horrible sin
You commit by the way,
And the terrible plight that your children are in
On God's dread judgment day?

And, although they repent, will that bring back the life
Of the father, the mother, the husband or wife?
Those who stood in the breach and who bore all the strife
In the struggle for bread;
And the ones who are left have a sad, lonely life,
And now wish they were dead.

And although you escape ev'ry court in the land,
And in the sight of the law you most innocent stand,
Yet I find one more court that is now close at hand,
That you cannot escape ;
And your soul it must answer its dreadful command,
And in some sort of shape.

Do you think the Great God, that each thought understands,
He shall lightly look over the work of your hands,
When you broke His most holy and urgent commands
In beginning to drink ;
And in filling our houses, our workshops and lands
With the drunkards who think ?

You will find He will judge you by what you have known,
You will find He will judge you by what He has shown ;
And all those who to winds all their talents have sown
To the whirlwind must reap.
And their faith and repentance most rudely be blown,
And be hurl'd at their feet.

Now, I own it is useless these words that I say
To all those who are criminal drunkards to-day ;
But those who are starting just out on that way
Be ye warned in time,
That although you feel happy, and social and gay,
Yet your drink is a crime.

And, too late, you shall cry, and your God shall not hear,
But shall laugh at your dread, and shall mock at your fear;
When your death and destruction is drawing quite near
That the world has discern'd (Prov. i., 26) ;
And you then must admit that your punishment here
You have now wholly earn'd.

1895.

CIDER AND GIN.

You see him staggering in the street,
With tatter'd coat and shoeless feet ;
Satan has done his work complete,
And sent this young man forth to sin—
Through cider, whiskey, beer and gin.

No doubt he had a mother dear,
Who lov'd her son while she was here,
And for that son she had no fear
That he a drunkard would become—
Through cider, whiskey, beer and rum.

No doubt at first he thought it grand
That he his drinking could command ;
While others fell, yet he could stand,
And never, never, never sin—
Through cider, whiskey, beer and gin.

He next grew reckless by the taunts
Of loving comrades in his haunts;
He then went to their lowest haunts,
Until he did become their scum—
Through cider, whiskey, beer and rum.

'Tis very easy now to boast—
Say you shall stop ere you are lost—
So said each one of all that host,
Who step by step went down in sin—
Through cider, whiskey, beer and gin.

None of a sudden blear'd their face,
But by degrees they fell from grace;
You could not tell the time or place
When they a drunkard did become—
Through cider, whiskey, beer and rum.

Young man, you see it ev'ry day,
How other men have gone astray;
Yet they protested all the way
That they would never sink in sin—
Through cider, whiskey, beer and gin.

Then, why not sign the pledge to-day,
Control yourself while yet you may,
Abstain from ev'ry drink, I say;
Then you no drunkard can become—
Through cider, whiskey, beer and rum.

Or are you better than the rest,
Who vow'd they would not be a pest?
The bravest, wisest and the best,
Who sank to sorrow, grief and sin—
Through cider, whiskey, beer and gin.

I said it once, I say again,
To keep you free from sin and pain,
The surest course is to abstain,
And, as a viper, you should shun,
All cider, whiskey, beer and rum.

February 1st, 1897.

DRINK AND TEA.

How can you have the face to ask,
A toper old like me,
To throw away the whiskey flask
When you are drinking tea?

And for that sing a sad refrain
About the price you get,
When you yourself cannot abstain
From drinking horrid tea.

And if you want my soul to win,
As everything should be,
Oh, do not preach against my sin
While you are drinking tea.

Some say tea will not make a brute—
That is a silly plea
Which I can easily refute,
For poison is in tea.

Slander goes round like horned Nick
When women have their spree;
Gossip and lies flies fast and thick
While they are drinking tea.

And while you still defend this blot
Don't dare to speak to me;
You are a dangerous, drinking sot
By drinking horrid tea.

Tea brings disease, and grief and pain,
And yet you talk to me,
When you yourself cannot abstain
From drinking horrid tea.

If you yourself cannot give up
What comes from the Chinee;
His microbes and disease you sup
While drinking horrid tea.

I surely can home drink partake
Distilled from barley bree,
If you the heathen dirt must take,
And drink his horrid tea?

Oh, be consistent, now, my dears,
If you would conquer me,
And show us men through future years
You shall drink no more tea.

Or never dare once more to ask
An aged man like me
To throw away the whiskey flask
While you must have your tea.

ONE GLASS MORE.

We meet them staggering in the street,
And wicked to the core;
So drunk, that they can scarcely speak,
By taking one glass more.

They come from colleges and schools,
And from the city store—
A set of dirty, drinking fools,
By taking one glass more.

They come from forest, field and farm,
And from the seaside shore,
And never did they think of harm
By taking one glass more.

Of course, these lines I don't intend
For you so fill'd with love;
But each one here he has a friend
Who taketh one glass more.

Can you not, then, for friendship sake,
No longer liquor pour,
And then your friend may not partake
That fatal glass, one more?

You may not be a Christian man,
But, still, I would implore:
Oh, save your friend, now, if you can,
And touch that glass no more.

You, too, may love a social glass,
But can't you give that o'er,
Because your friend he cannot pass
That fatal glass, one more?

You cannot tell what harm is done
If you will not restore,
Or keep that sad and blighted one
From taking one glass more.

What good you do you cannot tell—
Do try it, I implore,
To save a soul from shame and hell,
So touch that glass no more.

Sustain him when his comrades laugh,
As they have done before;
Endure with him their jeers and chaff,
But touch that glass no more.

Remember what our Bibles say:
That sin lies at the door;
So sign the pledge without delay,
And touch that glass no more.

Abstain from cider, wine and tea,
That women so adore;
In temperance drinks some danger see,
And never touch them more.

FATHER'S FAULT.

I might have been a drunkard
If I was rightly train'd,
And then I'm pretty certain
I could not be reclaim'd;
But father would not let me
Go wander up and down,
With this and that companion
Go sporting round the town.

For all the temp'rance people,
Their fathers are to blame,
Because within their childhood
Their characters they frame;
So if you want more drunkards,
These fathers you put down,
And make their lovely children
Go sporting round the town.

I see the elder's children,
The deacon's favored few,
Are always very willing
To take a glass or two;
But on such gay proceedings
My father he would frown,
And so he would not let me
Go sporting round the town.

SENSIBLE GIRL.

I have said in my speech, I have sung in my rhyme,
That the most of the girls they were fools all the time;
But it cheers up my heart, as through fashion I whirl,
When by chance I now hear of a sensible girl.

Miss Carruthers, they say, on her grand wedding day,
Though the preacher and guests for her wedding they stay,
But her lover within him had whiskey must swirl,
And so she will not wed him, this sensible girl.

Not a moan or a groan, though she is not a wife,
But she thanketh her God for this rescue in life:
And her smile is as sweet, and her laugh just as skirl,
As she dines with her guests, this good, sensible girl.

So her praises I sound from the east to the west,
That her plan and her pluck may be seen by the rest,
And refuse against rocks their poor fingers to dirl,
Or a drunkard to wed, like this sensible girl.

For why pray unto God that he make your life nice,
If you marry a drunkard against his advice?
If you want Him to help you in danger and peril,
You must use common sense, like this sensible girl.

January, 12th, 1899.

PURE BABIES.

Women, women, wherefore weep,
Why such nightly virgils keep?
Men will drink, and smoke and chew—
This they do in spite of you.

Never mind the grown-up men,
You can never manage them;
Though they think that they are braves,
They are Satan's abject slaves.

But your daughters and your sons,
Train those pure and youthful ones;
Train them in a virtuous path,
To escape Jehovah's wrath.

Drunkards soon would die and rot
If the children were forgot,
And were left as they were born,
In their pure and childish morn.

But from mother and from dad
They take lessons good and bad;
Thus they learn to drink and swear,
And their parents do not care.

If you train a child, when young,
To live decent with his tongue,
And no evil lessons give,
Like the boy, the man will live.

All those drunkards that you see,
They were pure as pure could be,
But a little here and there,
They have learn'd to drink and swear.

ELECTION TIME.

You may say I'm cranky, and crazy and wild,
By the talk of my tongue and my pen;
And a critic, a skeptic, the devil's own child,
And not fit to be seen among men;

When I say that the leaders of moral reform
That they either are crazy or knaves,
And the silliest people that ever were born,
And far worse than the poor heathen slaves.

For, behold! they petition, for money they call,
Just to help with their temperance plan;
Yet they never send down to the Government's Hall
A pure, earnest, good temperance man.

So those demons and devils in shape of good men,
When the laws of the land must be made,
You will find at elections with tongue and with pen
Are supporting the men of the trade.

Though those leaders of moral reform have their chance
While elections are drawing quite near,
And if they for the right now refuse to advance,
At their lodge and their church I must sneer.

February 14th, 1898.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Who is the greatest fool, you think,
In all their jaw and strife,
The man who follows after drink
Or his devoted wife?

You need not say, if she had known,
Her lover would be scorn'd,
For even then it can be shown
His appetite was form'd.

For wild and sporting boys must turn
Into the drunkards' band,
And girls of wisdom these should spurn,
And then refuse their hand.

So it is hard to form a rule
For their degraded life,
And tell which is the greatest fool,
The drunkard or his wife.

Perhaps the greatest fools of all
Are those, with pity great,
Who on the Legislature call
To pity their sad fate.

June 24th, 1898.

ANOTHER GLASS.

We often see a lad or lass
Pass quickly into Satan's class,
Because they could not stand the sauce
When offer'd just another glass.
And soon they reach old Satan's store,
Where many have gone in before,
Although they hear them nightly roar:
Oh, give us! give us! one glass more.

Although the preacher cryp, alas!
They cannot stop them as they pass,
For on they rush, and that on masse,
By taking just another glass.
They know the pain for them in store,
The grief, the poverty, and gore;
But yet they rush on, ever more,
By only taking one glass more.

So now I warn each lad and lass
"This Rubicon" they must not pass,
Unless they are a human ass—
And never taste another glass.
For when within old Satan's store,
He shuts, and locks, and bolts the door,
So we no longer can implore
To touch that fatal glass no more.

They, then, will stand our taunts and sauce,
And, like to every human ass,
Through fire and water they will pass
To get another drunkard's glass.
For they will walk upon all four,
And sell their honour at the store,
And, like a wild beast, growl and roar,
To get that drunkard's glass—one more.

No hope is there for lad or lass
Who into such a state would pass;
They will not stop for pray'rs or mass,
But haste to get another glass.
But I would ask you just before
You enter in that horrid door—
While you are young, I would implore—
To touch the cider glass no more.

Chorus—For even temp'rance drinks, they may
Entice a righteous man astray.

KATE AND JOHN.

Our silly, silly, silly Kate,
From ev'rything I hear,
She married such a loving mate—
He actually lov'd her.

But when love's glamour fras the een
Of our John quickly flew,
He took to drinking wine again,
As many people do.

Yet no one ever saw John drunk,
And Kate, she was no slouch,
Although she sometimes show'd her spunk,
As most of women do.

Yet drink, it made them very poor,
It also made them sad,
And John grew ugly, sour, and doore,
And Kate grew really mad.

It is the same whaure'er I gang—
Drink is the Devil's spunk;
And drink it makes the lawyers thrang,
Although no one gets drunk.

And next they travell'd south and west,
And cheated here and there;
'Twas all the same, they at their best
Had hate, and spite, and care.

When love and riches both were gone,
No doubt they both felt blue;
Their children cried, and got a stone,
With curses old and new.

And so a suicide at last,
It was John's happy fate;
And when he died he tried to cast
Mud on the name of Kate.

Now John is rotting in his grave,
And Kate is poor and old,
And yet this couple tried to save
Their riches and their gold.

But drink and lies, they brought about
The luck that marr'd their life,
And drink and lies, they sent to rout
The love of home and wife.

Yet no one ever saw them drunk
Or tipsy by the way,
Yet by degrees their fortune sunk
Through drinking ev'ry day.

But, then, their fame in these lines dwell,
Since I have told their story;
A banker tumbled into hell
From wealth, and fame, and glory.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Little by little waters flow,
Little by little infants grow;
Till one as floods it sweeps along,
And one as man grows stout and strong.

Little by little fortunes made
By pick, or pen, or axe, or spade,
Till in a mansion men have dwelt,
Little by little which they built.

'Tis little things affects us most,
By little things is mankind lost;
So don't excuse a little crime,
For that may ruin you in time.

A little lie, a little drink,
It makes our moral manhood sink;
A little glass is more to fear
Than a big bouncing bar'l of beer.

Little by little drunks are made,
Little by little fortunes fade,
That ruin body, soul, and mind—
A total wreck to human kind.

Lie or drink not a little glass,
Soon as a drunkard you shall pass,
And men won't trust whate'er you say—
So in the end it will not pay.

'Tis just as easy now, my friend,
Your life in righteousness to spend;
That easy life you may begin
If you but check each little sin.

Little by little soon you find
It gives more comfort to the mind,
So never say at any time:
It is a very little crime.

For if you follow such a plan,
It shows you are a little man;
Little in wisdom, soul, and mind,
A nuisance unto all mankind.

Great men on little things will wait
And that is it which made them great;
So if you want to learn and rise,
Mind little things with both your eyes.

And ev'ry little good you do,
It benefits both me and you;
But little sins abhor with your might,
If you desire to do what's right.

DREAD OF CHURCHES.

Some trembling souls from holy ground
Draw back with dread and fear,
Because some people there are found
Who drink both wine and beer.

And cider, too, they love its taste,
And at the same time tell:
Our apples shall not go to waste
While we can cider sell.

But such excuse we will not heed,
Though we their honours shock;
They are too niggardly indeed
To feed it to their stock.

And are you one of these, my friend,
With cider in your barn,
And drinking habits would defend—
Then say you do no harm.

No harm to lead a drunkard on,
And hear his children cry;
No pity in your heart of stone,
Although they starve and die?

No harm an appetite to start
That leads to death and shame,
And ruins body, soul, and heart,
Then say, "I'm not to blame?"

If that is so, the most of crime
We easy can excuse,
And give this answer ev'ry time:
"I can do what I choose!"

If, after that, your life is spar'd,
This saying, then, is true:
The Devil is a saint, compar'd
With such a man as you.

I waste my words on knaves like these,
Who neither care nor heed,
Whose simple people love to tease
And all their pockets bleed.

They heap up wealth while they have breath,
As anyone can tell;
But death shall come, and, after death,
Their souls must sink to hell.

ANTI-DILUVIAN.

"They dream'd not of danger, these sinners of old,"
Whom Noah had left in the dark
And so you may think they were awfully sold
"When Noah went into the ark."

Ah, no! they knew well of their victims and sin,
Their crimes that were hid in the dark;
They knew very well that their woes would begin
When Noah went into the ark.

And so we may say of the sinners to-day;
Their bite is far worse than their bark—
That God will not hear, though they earnestly pray,
When Noah goes into the ark.

The Lord does not need to send preachers to you
That call upon sinners to hark;
For he has taught all to be honest and true
Till Noah goes into the ark.

Their conscience tells all in the east and the west,
In honesty each must embark
To get sweetest comfort, and safety, and rest,
When Noah goes into the ark.

So blame not Jehovah, if found in the lurch
When you are thrust out in the dark,
And blame not your training, the preacher, or church,
When Noah goes into the ark.

You know that with sin into danger you went,
When going in this and that lark;
Your blame and regrets, they are not worth a cent,
When Noah goes into the ark.

DRUNKARD'S COURSE.

Two questions may occur to some
Which many want to know:
From where do all the drunkards come,
And where do drunkards go?

They come from honest, sober men,
Good Christians, brave and bold,
Who took a glass in company
Or when they had a cold!

They come from smiling, sweet mamma,
Who dearly lov'd their child,
And when some sickness hurt their paw
They gave it toddy mild.

They come from loving sisters dear,
Who thought their brothers men,
And who at Christmas or New Year
They gave the glass to them.

They come from concerts, with their love,
Or from the dancing throng:
And while she sipp'd her sugar'd wine,
He took his brandy strong.

They come from ev'ry land and clime
Where they give toasts for thanks—
Where all must drink or taste their wine,
Or be considered cranks.

They go upon the bankrupt's stand,
Or in the convict's place;
They go from opulence and wealth
To woe and sad disgrace.

They go to yonder poor-house gate,
Or yonder prison cell;
They go to judgment and to death
Down the broad road to hell!

They started with some temp'rance drink—
It might be lemonade
Or currant wine, or some such thing,
By which are drunkards made.

And when their appetites got dull,
For strong drink they desire—
Something to make their wit more bright
And set their brain on fire.

If water cannot quench your thirst,
And you want something strong,
You then take drunkard steps the first,
And there is something wrong.

Then pause, before it is too late—
Yes, stop right there and think
Upon the drunkard's awful fate
When he gives way to drink.

Throw all the temp'rance drinks aside
Your appetite to cure,
And drink what God shall still provide—
Good water, clear and pure!

And you shall gain both health and strength
When victory you have won,
And stand before God's throne at length
And hear him say, "Well done."

August 19th, 1895.

TEA AND DRINK.

These men are simple fools, you say,
  Who spend their cash on drink,
Then work the long, hot summer day
  To get that cash or stink.

But there are other fools, I find,
  That you can never see—
Men with an intellectual mind,
  Who spend their cash on tea.

And Christians, too, who would aspire
  To live without disgrace,
And in their holy zeal and fire
  Condemn the drunkard's race.

But this small mote in their own eye
  Those hypocrites can't see,
And are offended when I cry
  Against their horrid tea.

A heathen practice would install
  In Christian lands, I think;
Yet children of the Devil call
  All those who follow drink.

But drunkards they will never cure,
  Or set the heathen free,
While they themselves are so impure
  By drinking horrid tea.

Tobacco I would not defend,
  And drunkards I despise,
Because I know that both must end
  In poverty and lies.

Yet I would help those fools to rise,
  And make those fools quite free
From sad disgrace, and drink, and lies,
  Tobacco, crime, and tea.

I know the foes I have to fight,
  Their weapons and their length—
The men who think that they are right,
  The church and all its strength.

But still undaunted, on I go,
  And who shall go with me
To free this world from sin and woe,
  Tobacco, drink, and tea.

Chorus—Detested tea, hot-footed tea—
  No heathen tea for me!

MAKE DRUNKARDS.

To people in the east and west
I now must have my say,
To show that you are not the best
Of people, anyway!

If you are great, and good, and kind,
As preachers oft declare,
Then I am either deaf or blind,
And for truth do not care.

And if you follow God's pure plan,
And in the truth delight,
Then I am quite a silly man
And don't know wrong from right.

Your churches may be rich and grand,
Wherein good people meet,
And yet I see through all the land
Poor people in the street.

That is the curse of drink, you say—
It brings our crime and woe;
But how are drunkards made each day?
Is what I want to know.

Were they not innocent at birth,
Till taught to help the trade;
Or did each spring up from the earth
A drunkard ready-made?

How were they taught, I pray you tell,
From this and that abode,
If the church people live and dwell
In sympathy with God?

But your church, now, it is a curse,
A fraud, and a disgrace,
And you are worse—a great deal worse—
Than any heathen race.

Because your church it fills the place
Of something that would stand,
And wipe out drink, and this disgrace,
And sorrow from the land.

I know you call these liquor abuse,
And cry out shame! oh, shame!
Because I won't take your excuse
That drink is all to blame.

But, know each curse it has some cause,
And ev'ry crime a start;
And so I argue, by these laws,
That you are bad at heart!

DRINK'S WORK.

The house was crowded full of guests,
And ev'rybody calmly rests,
For not a fear is in their breasts;
But, hark! those awful cries they come:
Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire! the work is done!
Through cider, whiskey, beer and rum!
The watchman he to slumber sunk,
Because he only got some drunk.

The splendid cars, they roll along—
The passengers are blithe with song—
Because they thought that nought was wrong.
But, hark! whence comes that awful roar?
Another train is on before,
And near to the eternal shore
Are those who travel the Grand Trunk—
Because their engineer was drunk!

You may assert, and may be right,
That Lambton boys are brave and bright,
And they can climb to any height;
And yet these boys are overcome
Through cider, whiskey, beer, and rum!
Just see the work that they have done!
In the hotel, on the Grand Trunk,
They only were a little drunk!

And need I speak of ocean's wave,
Where live our sailors, strong and brave,
Who risked their all a life to save?
And yet their vessel goes aground,
And many persons they are drown'd;
And at the inquest this is found:
Their vessel in these waters sunk
Because their officers were drunk!

And then the doctors lose their skill,
And give a dose, with spoon and pill,
Enough an elephant to kill—
And so these crimes are daily done—
For they love cider, beer, and rum!
And yet you say I must keep mum,
Although their lives with crimes have stunk,
Because the doctors they were drunk.

No need of temp'rance work, you say,
The church shall do that work to-day,
And for these men shall daily pray;
And that I must not make a noise,
For all these men were Lambton boys;
And here they had their childish joys,
And from their cradle, crib, and bunk,
The church has taught them to get drunk!

OUR BLUNDER.

Now, Henry says, with noble grace,
I cannot now engage
To help you in this temp'rance race,
With cider in your pledge.

Sweet cider clears my mind and brain,
And all my griefs assuage;
A temp'rance man I will remain,
But will not sign your pledge.

And Edward, too, he must refuse
A temp'rance man, I hear,
Because you will not let him use
A little wine or beer.

And Andrew has a good excuse,
Like ev'ry other sage,
Because you do forbid the use
Of whiskey by your pledge.

Now, if the thoughtful temp'rance men
Would suffer in their room
A little drinking now and then,
That temp'rance lodge would boom.

But cider, whiskey, beer and wine—
Intoxicating drink—
None of our set would dare to sign
Against these things, I think.

How can you have the face to ask
To sign our rights away,
And quite forbid the whiskey flask
And treating by the way?

But change your pledge as I indite,
And all will then agree
To join your lodge this very night,
And have a jolly spree.

But if you won't, your lodge must die,
Though drunkards fight and rage;
And though for bread their children cry,
We will not sign your pledge.

Now, this advice I give in time,
From men of worth and sense:
If you refuse, they shall combine,
And soon shall drive you thence.

NOBODY DRINKS.

How the bar-tender lives, or gets any chink,
It is really a puzzle to me;
For the most of men say: Why, we never drink!
So that nobody drinks, I can see.

There is James McNaughton, the elder's good son,
Is a total abstainer like me;
And each Jones and each Bryce, although they have fun,
Yet there's nobody drinks, I can see.

And there's Chalmers and Hume, and all the church crowd,
They from drinking and tippling are free
And Morris and Williams are saying, aloud—
There is nobody drinks, you can see.

And Woodmark, he goes into paradise, sure,
And condemns a poor poet like me;
While Wilson and Struthers are holy and pure—
So there's nobody drinks, you can see.

How the bar-tender lives, and gets so much land,
It is really a puzzle to me;
Why he pays for a license, I can't understand—
Since there's nobody drinks, I can see.

Now, praise the bartender, so holy and fine,
And who pays such a high license fee;
And his whiskey and beer, his cider and wine,
He can't sell to the neighbors, you see!

For, although they refuse our good pledge to sign,
All those neighbors declare unto me
That they never drink beer, or whiskey, or wine—
So there's nobody drinks, I can see.

Chorus—Then, if nobody drinks—why, then, nobody buys
From the bar or the drink-selling man;
Yet he piles up his wealth without labor or sighs—
So explain it to me, if you can?

NO CHRISTIAN.

Now, Christianity may be
Proclaim'd aloud on land and sea;
But did you ever hear men tell
Of such a friend in earth or hell?
They lie, and cheat, and curse, and swear
At christenings, raisings, and the fair;
Then sing their psalms with solemn sound,
And pray for blessings all around;
And send to Parliament, wholesale,
The gambling cheats, more fit for jail;
A drinking thief, blaspheming rogue,
To represent each crime in vogue.
So I am proud, this very day,
I'm not a Christian, they say.
Now, Christianity is grand,
For fools and idiots in the land—
And hankers, as Christians may play,
But do not call me one to-day.
I would not have my name connected
With hypocrites, though respected;

So I am proud that I can say
I'm not a Christian to-day;
When they do right, and quit the wrong,
I then may sing another song!

ADVICE.

Let those who grow the corn and wheat,
And those who raise the wool,
Arise, and stand upon their feet,
Nor longer act the fool.

Nor let the lawyers grab the cash
Which their hard toil has brought,
Nor let the preacher eat the hash
For which he has not wrought.

December 27th, 1896.

NO PROHIBITION.

Now, if you teach our noble youth,
A love of soberness and truth,
Then there will never be a need
To have a Prohibition creed.

But when an Elder loves the pipe,
And Deacons do what is not right:
For when they make a splendid sale,
They take a glass of beer or ale.

When stewards often tell a lie,
And churches all our laws defy,
And at communion have their wine,
Held by a precept call'd divine.

Then what can you expect to find
But that each bright and youthful mind,
When they see that, do you not think
That they are being taught to drink?

Now, Prohibition may be grand
In some far distant, heathen land;
But in our civilized race—
Why, Prohibition means disgrace!

For it admits there is a flaw
In all your teaching of the law,
And that you raise a youthful brood
That is not trained in doing good.

For in our Canada, so bright,
The law should be the same as right;
But we do not the law require
Where all the people right desire.

So never let me hear you say:
We shall prohibit drink some day;
But rather hold this grand position:
We have no need of Prohibition!

SAVE THEM!

Tune—7's.

Mighty Maker, hear our cry!
In Thy wisdom, skill, and might;
Save each drunkard, ere he die—
Save each drunkard's soul to-night.
Make them leave their life of crime,
Cleanse their filth and make them pure;
Show us, by Thy will divine,
How those evils we can cure.

And our prayers we renew
For those men we cannot reach;
Save the temp'rate drinkers, too,
Who our drinking habits teach.
Show the work that they have done,
By example, speech as well;
Oh! Thou Great and Mighty One,
Save those souls from sin and hell!

AMONG YOUR SONS.

Tune—"America."

How can you e'er expect
Truth, honour and respect,
Among your sons;
If you show them the way
To smoke, and drink, and play,
And go yourself astray
Among your sons.

For they will take delight
In what you do to-night
Among your sons.
It is their pride and joy
To be their father's boy—
Like you their time employ—
Among your sons.

So what you do or dare—
To smoke, or drink, or swear—
Among your sons;
So they, behind your back,
Will follow in that track,
No example you shall lack,
Among your sons.

The world it then shall find
Your character indeed,
Among your sons;
And in the future race
It also then will place,
Your honor or disgrace,
Among your sons.

MOTHER'S FAULT.

When boys some genius they display,
And live in holy ways,
Their mother taught them, people say—
And so she gets the praise.

But if, by chance, they go astray,
And sink to sin and shame,
Then all religious people say:
Their ma is not to blame.

But if their mothers make them pure
When they their lives begin,
The logic is the same, I'm sure,
To blame them for their sin.

Because they gave life to a child,
And would not guide his feet,
But let him grow up rude and wild—
A villain or a cheat.

And so, in future days to come,
These words I would proclaim:
On those who yield to sin or rum
Their mother is to blame.

So to the mothers I would say:
You nurse the future race—
You shall be blam'd upon that day
That they are in disgrace.

And these words shall be at you hurl'd,
In argument quite brief:
Why did you bring into the world
A villain or a thief?

DRUNKARD'S STAY.

See! the Christians are defending
Swearing Alexander Laird—
For the drunkards he is sending
While they are well fed and car'd.

Temperate children may be dying—
  Being neither clothed or fed—
While the drunkards are relying
  On the Council for their bread.

They for drink their cash are spending,
  And for winter nought have stor'd,
For they always are depending
  On the Council for their board.

You may say it is profanity,
  For I show these things to men;
But such thieving Christianity
  I will ever more condemn.

You may call it love and kindness,
  Forcing me the drunks to keep;
But I call it wilful blindness—
  Worse than robbing on the street.

FOREST TOWN.

With faltering steps and tearful face,
  He crept inside the door—
An atom of the human race—
  Just that, and nothing more.

A boy should be at school by right,
  And by his father fed;
And here he was in life's great fight
  And working for his bread.

And there he ask'd one loaf of bread—
  One loaf of bread on trust—
Until his wages should be paid
  By ten o'clock at most.

And at that time, and at that hour,
  Two blocks away, I think,
The men were crowding at the bar
  That they may get a drink.

Where did this happen: in New York,
  Or Manchester, you say;
And was his father out of work,
  Or made of foreign clay?

Ah! no, my friends—in Forest Town
  I did behold the same;
Where many Christians of renown
  The Saviour's love proclaim!

Their Christian love and kindness, sir,
  It is enough for me;
The Tippling town of Forest, sir,
  I do not want to see.

BEN WARREN.

Ben Warren I have seen to-day,
He certainly can swear, sir;
It does not hurt him what I say—
And neither do I care, sir.

He says his mother she is pure,
And anything but bad, sir;
I do not care for her, I'm sure—
By sample of her lad, sir. * * *

His parents he may give them praise,
And spread their gospel free, sir;
I know what sort of boy they raise—
And so they don't suit me, sir. * * *

Now in this poem be it known
Their life I do not blot, sir;
Ben Warren, by his life, has shown
What parents he has got sir. * * *

Our Ben is not the only one
Whose life shows up his mother,
For every child beneath the sun
Can say: I am another.

January 24th, 1898.

FINIS!

These rhymes I made to cheer my breast,
When I was dull and dreary;
They gave me comfort, peace, and rest,
When I was tired and weary.

To cheer up others cheers yourself,
And what there is remaining
Of your dull heart, lay on the shelf
When you are entertaining.

Perhaps these rhymes will make you smile,
As day by day keeps raining;
You need not heed the form or style,
If they are entertaining.

What good comes of a groan or sigh,
Or of a fate complaining?
Let me be cheerful, if I die,
If I am entertaining.

My friends and foes alike declare
My rhyme they are disdaining:
They cheer'd my soul, what need I care,
If I am entertaining.